

me. I was grateful for this action, showing me I had nothing to fear.

I invited him in for a warm meal. Then he told me why he had come to see me, his wife was very ill and he had come to ask me for some medicine for her.

My assortment of medicines were very limited, but I did the best I could for him. He was very thankful and with scarcely a sound, he glided away into the dark forest.

I saw no more of him until five years after, when he gave himself up to the late George Beirnes and asked Beirnes to arrange for a lawyer for him.

(Beirnes was working for Ronald C. Campbell-Johnston and he asked him to get a lawyer and Mr. Campbell-Johnston arranged for Stuart Henderson to meet Beirnes.—Publisher).

Beirnes secured the services of Stuart Henderson, at that time considered the best criminal lawyer in B.C. Henderson on appointment met Beirnes in Hazelton and took him out fifty miles north of Hazelton and talked things over. Henderson assured him of his liberty.

There was a \$1,000 reward for Simon, also \$1,000 for Peter Hi-Wadam. Peter became implicated in this unfortunate affair due to the fact that at the coroner's inquest, it was determined that the two men had been shot with a different caliber rifle. After these facts had been discovered, it was taken for granted that Peter was involved in the shooting. So each summer for 13 years, posses were out looking for these two men. (This was due to Christine giving Simon another gun in exchange for his.)

Instead, both Simon and Peter were never caught but gave themselves up to George Beirnes.

THE preliminary hearing was held in Hazelton and was sent up to a higher court in Vancouver where for lack of sufficient evidence Simon Gun-a-Noot was acquitted due to the fact that during the long lapse of time, 13 years, many witnesses had died and those that were there had forgotten the circumstances leading up to the affair.

Simon returned to his own country. Thirteen years of hiding, fear and hardship had made him a different man. He did not seem to care for his fellow men and preferred living with his family in the woods and was very seldom seen in town. He told me that during his 13 years of exile, he had lost two children, his father and mother. He had buried them all on the shore of Bowser Lake, where now he himself is taking his long eternal sleep.

It seems a shame that one so full of ambition to better himself and his family should have had such a sad and troublesome life. Through all his troubles and anxiety, he still showed evidence of better thoughts and better actions, he was a good Indian. From his death bed, he sent me a message that he was dying in peace.

This is the story of the life of Simon Gun-a-Noot, the once honored member of the clan of the Wolves and his desperate fight to do what was right but that awful demon whiteman's fire water fought to pull him down.

This closes the authentic life of Gun-a-Noot. The correct way to pronounce his name was Gum-Min-Loot translated meaning the Three Bear Cubs that ran up the tree. His father's name was Na-Gun, his mother's name was Nux-Din, meaning the Mother of Din, Simon's brother.

STORY OF A TOTEM POLE

By CONSTANCE COX

This totem pole stands in the village of Kitwancool and is reputed to me the most beautifully carved totem pole in British Columbia. It was erected for a chief showing the people what happens to a conceited man. It stands a warning against conceit.



The story goes that a very young man was made chief of this village of Kitwancool. The elders of the village feared that in his extreme youth he would lack wisdom. Previous to this, a cave had been found by one of the older and wiser men of the village. The villagers often wondered how he got all his wisdom and asked him to instruct the younger chief on the things he should do and know, and to be wise in his judgment and leadership. The old man replied that he would "take him to the cave of wisdom which he had discovered."

On the advice of his elders, the young chief visited the cave where he went into a deep sleep and was visited by little spirits resembling perhaps what we would call brownies or fairies.

These little spirits spoke to him and gave him wise counsel and advice and instructed him to act in battle, and how to love his people in time of famine.

For many years after that, whenever the young chief was in difficulties, he would retire to this wonderful cave and be visited by the helpful spirits.

One day, on the eve of a battle between the Nass Indians and the Kitwancools, the people went to the young chief in great fear and told him to hurry to the cave of wisdom. But by this time his great success as a leader had gone to his head and he refused to go to the cave, claiming he did not need to have the spirits tell him what to do as he knew all about it.

Shortly thereafter war was on and the Kitwancool Indians were badly beaten and the young chief killed and his intestines pulled out of his body and wound around the trees of the forest.

After this terrible disaster the Kitwancools erected a totem pole in their village and on it is carved the cave and around this cave, little people and above this, the chief's entrails on the totem are carved as a warning to others who might think they knew it all. The name of this totem pole is *W'negah*—meaning the place of opening.

1912

G. Sampere. Hazelton.

Incident at the time Kitwankol natives stopped the survey near their village.

The Provincial Govt sent up from Prince Rupert, a bunch of police, under command of Chief Constable Owen, to investigate. Under the Chief Constable were 12 Special & regular Police men & these all got off at Kitwankol. Owen, Officer in charge stationed his men, into two camps. one camp six miles up on the Kitwankol road & a second camp up further on the same road at the foot bridge, about 10 miles.

Owen, came to Sampere, & said. "I want you to go into that place, & I want you to go to-night. Tell them, we are coming in & what we are coming in for. Will you go?" Sampere: "Well, I will go, only if I have my own way of going." Owen said. "I will swear you in as a special," Sampere: "No, you can get some one else, I am not going in as a police man for nobody, I will go only as Gas Sampere, as they know me." The police man then wanted Sampere to take a revolver. but to this Sampere refused, & then the chief gave him two passes to get ~~pass~~ thru the police camps on the road to Kitwankol. The police camps were to prevent the coming & going of the people of this village. When Sampere had gone past these camps & within ten miles of the

(Sampere.) II.

village, he saw a man run into the woods to go in hiding then Sampere whistled to him & said "Where are you going" the man replied "I am going to Kitwange I have been sent in to get you." Sampere: "You could not get to Kitwange to-night, the ^{people} have camps along the road." The man laughed & said "We know all about their camps we have been around both of them to-night." Then Sampere walked into the Kitwange village & it was then ~~three~~ four o'clock in the morning & the people called a meeting at once. Sampere addressed the people, telling them not to be alarmed that all public sentiment, was in their favor. But they were not to show any hostilities to the police but rather they were to help, the police in their work & if the police arrested or took any of their men, they should be given up freely, as this would be in their favor. The natives looked upon this suggestion with favor & Sampere said "If they take any of your men I will go with them to see they get a square deal, but to-morrow when the police come, receive them & explain everything to them." Next Day the people prepared a hall and at ~~night~~ five o'clock in the evening the Chief of Police Owen & his 12 constables marched into the village all armed with Winchester rifles which was not looked upon with favor by the people. The chief of the village met them & received them & told them they were ready to meet them in a meeting any time. The chief of police said "We have come in & it is near night & we have to make our camp, tomorrow morning we shall have the meeting."

(Saunders)

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The chief offered any help, in the way of wood, etc., but the chief said, "We have these 12 men, & it will do them good to gather wood." The next day, the meeting was held & the indians spoke first. "Before we do anything on the matter, I want the chief of Police to come & see the place where the survey was stopped." They went out & the exact place was shown, & the surveyors mark was still in the ground & it cut the house in two. It was then explained to the chief, that this was one of the oldest of indian villages. The police officer explained to them, that they had taken the law into their own hands & what they should have done was to let the survey go on & they ~~were~~ to place the matter before their indian Agent. They ^(indians) then replied, "That is why we have taken the ground we have taken, to make the Government take action. If we went to the indian agent, we would have received only promises & then nothing would have been done." The police officer Owen told the indians they had a very good defense & said, "Now I cannot try anything myself, but when the trail comes off for I have got to take the three men that stopped the survey, I will speak for you, and do all I can for you." Owen then asked for the three men to come forward and each done so, Owen then said, "Now I am going back to Kitwanga, will you three men be there to catch Wednesday's train to Hazelton." They promised & then Owen & his officers ~~were~~ prepared.